

THIS WAS THE LIMIT

PAPA THREATENED THE TOTAL DISRUPTION OF HOME.

He insisted on Having the Place Livable or Moving to a Hotel, and He Carried His Point.

"Wipe your feet, papa," reminded papa's eldest daughter as he stumped muddily on the front porch. Papa accordingly shuffled his feet diligently upon the wire mat; then stepped upon a strip of carpet on the porch and by contorting himself into weird shapes wiped the edges of his shoe soles comparatively clean.

"Don't hang your wet coat there!" called his wife, "Don't you know water will ruin that chair?" Papa accordingly gathered up his raincoat and carried it up to the bathroom.

"Oh, mamma," wailed the youngest daughter; "look at the mud he's leaving on the stairs! And I just washed them myself!" But papa was putting on his slippers in the bathroom, standing on one foot and hopping about like some damp stork. Then he changed his clothes and came down stairs.

"Did you change your clothes, dear?" inquired his wife sweetly, eyeing the chair in which he sat with speculative eye. Papa growled and turned over a sheet of his paper, for he knew all about that inquiry.

Presently he stretched, yawned and rose. He walked over to the sofa, heaped with pillows and lay back luxuriously just as the middle daughter came in.

"Why, papa," she shrieked; "you're spoiling the sofa pillows. You're lying right on them!" Papa sat up.

"What's this sofa for?" he demanded. His wife had come in by this time and stood side by side with her indignant daughter.

"Certainly not to treat as you're treating it," she said. "If you want to take a nap lie on your bed." Papa arose. His jaw began to grow rigid, for papa was getting mad. For long he had put up with this sort of thing and the limit was reached.

"Take those pillows up to your rooms," he commanded the assembled daughters; "this sofa goes out in the woodshed. This is no place for useless things." Then he dragged it out into the shed, leaving consternation in his wake.

"What do you mean?" stormed his wife. Papa looked at her and she began to grow uneasy under his look. He didn't say anything.

"Go up in the bathroom and get my raincoat and shoes," he directed. "One of your girls, I don't care which." The girls looked at each other.

"Go!" said papa, "and be quick." The youngest daughter went. Then papa sat on a sacred chair and put on his shoes. The slippers, one inside the other, he handed the oldest daughter.

"Take them to the bathroom," he commanded. The oldest daughter stared. Then she started to say something and shrugging her shoulders departed, holding the slippers as though they might bite. She couldn't miss any of this remarkable situation, so she returned.

"I'm going down to the office," said papa; "you can pack up what you like, because we're going to store this truck and go to a hotel."

"Why, papa!" It was a chorus of alarmed voices. But papa was firm. "One thing is certain," he said; "we're through with this foolishness. I've had all I'll stand. I'll do this much—either you'll make this place home-like, beginning tomorrow morning, or we quit housekeeping. That's all." Then he departed in the rain.

But when he returned his slippers were in the hall, and his favorite chair, with the evening papers on it, was stationed under the light and the family had retired.

Then papa put on the slippers, put them on another chair and began to read.—Galveston News.

Japan Likes Her Birds.
Birds have an excellent time in Japan, and our own agriculturists would do well to emulate the treatment meted out by their eastern confreres to such birds as the swallow and martin, says the Wide World. With a skilled appreciation of the part these feathered friends play in relation to their crops by keeping down the insect pests, they exert every effort to protect them and to encourage them to propagate their kind. It is to be wondered at that this sentimental but withal eminently practical nation reverences the swallows as messengers to the gods and invites them to build their nests, not only under eaves and rafters, but in every and any room of the house? In the hotel dining room were several nests, where the happy parents reared their families in complete safety.

A Reasonable Supposition.
Big Mr. Little (truculently)—Yo' sah, am I lah, sah!
Little Mr. Biggs (diplomatically)—Uh-weh, sah, considerin' yo' heft an yo' boldness 'cross de equator, I dunuh but whad dar mought be a little suppin' to date the'y, sah!—Puck.

Forbidden Sweets.
"Robson denounces kissing."
"Sour grapes."
"Why do you say that?"
"His wife is so homely he couldn't possibly enjoy kissing her and so sharp eyed he never gets a chance to kiss anybody else."

NEW EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA

Fifteen-Year-Old Grandson of Menelik II. Now Occupies the Throne.

London.—The grandson of Emperor Menelik II., Prince Lidj Jeassu, was proclaimed emperor of Abyssinia with appropriate ceremonies. The new emperor is only a little over 15 years old. He assumes the title Negus Nequesti, King of Kings, Conquering Lion of Judah. Three years ago he was proclaimed heir to the throne.

Abyssinia's new ruler is supposed to be the descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who was a pronounced brunette. Lidj Jeassu is



New Emperor of Abyssinia.

a son of Menelik's youngest daughter and his father is Ras Michael, a powerful prince and governor of three provinces. In Abyssinia youth matures early and Lidj Jeassu is said to have showed qualifications amply sufficient to justify his selection as emperor. He has been educated by European tutors, and speaks English, French and German.

Two years ago the emperor married Princess Romano Work, who had reached the age of seven. She is a granddaughter of Negus John, Menelik's predecessor, and is also a niece of Dowager Empress Taitu. The marriage had great political importance, as it united the two warring dynasties of Abyssinia and reconciled chiefs of powerful tribes.

Menelik II. has been out of health for years. He has been reported dead several times. Besides, he is in his seventy-seventh year, and his mind has been growing feeble. Whatever the politics of Abyssinia, Lidj Jeassu seems to have got the better of Empress Taitu, his grandfather's wife, an ambitious and combative woman.

TO WRECK THE BURR HOME

Another Famous New York Landmark Is to Give Way to a Modern Structure.

New York.—As a result of the sale of the old mansion at one time owned by Aaron Burr, located in the upper part of the city, another famous landmark is to make way for a modern structure. New York apparently has little reverence for such historic properties, and if the dollar mark continues to take rank over historical associations this city will shortly be without a single trace of the places which have become famous in the history of the country.

The old Burr mansion was built nearly a century and a half ago, and was at the time of its construction far



The Old Burr Mansion.

out in the country to the north of the city, occupying a site on what is now One Hundred and Sixty-first street in Harlem. As estates went in those days the property was not large, being only about 100 feet square. Its location, however, overlooking the Hudson, together with the fame of its previous owners, made it particularly well known.

Burr was not its only famous occupant, since James Madison, president of the United States, occupied it from 1804 to 1806. Ambrose C. Kingsland, a former mayor of New York, was another tenant of national reputation. In 1840 Aaron Burr sold to Sheppard Knapp the property, which has been disposed of at auction for \$34,500, many times its value during the days of Burr.

ALFALFA PEST ACCIDENTALLY BROUGHT TO THIS COUNTRY

Common in Europe, Western Asia and Northern Africa Where Insect Does More or Less Damage to Plant—Discovered in United States, Near Salt Lake City, Utah, in Spring of 1904.

(By F. M. WEBSTER, United States Department of Agriculture.)

The alfalfa weevil (Phytonomus murinus Fab.) is not native to America, but has been accidentally introduced from Europe, western Asia or northern Africa, where it is common, and where, while more or less destructive to alfalfa, it is probably prevented by its natural enemies from working serious and wide-spread ravages. Just



The alfalfa weevil (Phytonomus murinus): Adults clustering on and attacking sprig of alfalfa. About natural size.

where or in what manner it was brought to this country no one knows, but it was first discovered in the spring of 1904 in a small field of alfalfa near Salt Lake City, Utah, and attention promptly called to its presence by the Utah agricultural experiment station.

The beetle itself (Fig. 1) is usually less than one-fourth of an inch in length, varying from one-eighth to three-sixteenths inch, and when freshly emerged from the cocoon, within which it passes from the larva to the pupa, is of a plain brown color. In a few days this brown becomes darker, mixed with black and gray hairs, which give it a spotted or mottled appearance, as shown, much enlarged, in Fig. 3. Gradually these scales and hairs become rubbed off, so that in spring we frequently observe individuals that appear almost entirely black, with small, irregular gray spots upon them.

The insect winters entirely in the beetle stage, seeking shelter, before the frosts of autumn commence, either in the crowns of alfalfa plants, close to the surface of the ground in the field, or under leaves, matted grass, weeds, and rubbish along ditch banks, haystacks, and strawstacks. Indeed, it is oftentimes found in barns where the hay is kept over winter. When this hay is being put into the barn in late summer, one side of the barn has been observed to be almost covered with adults, and in winter and spring, when the hay is being fed out, the



Fig. 2

floor of the barn will often be swarming with the beetles, like ants about an ant hill. It has been estimated that fully 80 per cent. of the beetles that go into winter quarters in the fall live through until spring. With the coming of spring the beetles make their way forth from their hiding places and attack the young growth of alfalfa as soon as there is sufficient food for them. In ordinary seasons they may

be expected to appear the latter part of March, and the egg-laying period usually lasts from early April until early July.

In very early spring, before the plants have made much growth, the beetles often push their eggs down between the leaves, the usual place of oviposition, however, being in punctures made in the stem (Fig. 2), and some damage occurs at the very beginning of the season on account of the beetles puncturing the young stems and killing them in their efforts to oviposit in them. Some idea of the abundance of these eggs and the extent to which the pest may breed in vacant lots and other waste lands where alfalfa has escaped from cultivation and grows as a weed may be obtained from the fact that in one case a single plant has been found to contain 127 of these egg punctures in the midst of the egg-laying season, with the punctures fresh and new. As one puncture may contain anywhere from a few to over 300 eggs, probably 10 or 15 on the average, this single plant presumably contained between 1,000 and 1,300 eggs at the time it was observed. If these hatched and half of them developed into female beetles and 80 per cent of the latter passed the winter, this plant might in a year give rise to over 150,000 beetles.

Most of these eggs hatch in about ten days after being deposited, and the minute young, almost white in color, make their way to the leaves.

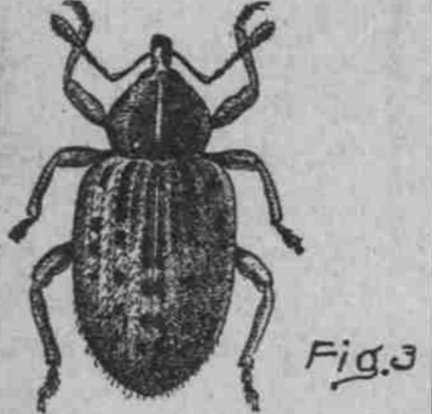


Fig. 3

The alfalfa weevil: Larvae attacking sprig of alfalfa. Natural size; larva at right much enlarged.

first eating holes therein, soon assume a decidedly green color, and when full grown are about one-fourth of an inch long, with a white stripe along the back and the somewhat hooked appearance shown by some of those in the illustration (Fig. 2). The attack is now confined to the young leaves and the crown of the plant, thus preventing its growth, and a badly infested field of alfalfa will frequently attain no greater height than about six inches, too short to mow at all. If the field is mown over most of the larvae will, of course, be shaken off and drop to the surface of the ground. While some of these perish, those that survive and live upon the fresh growth, together with those hatching from eggs deposited after the mowing, develop sufficient numbers to overwhelm and destroy the second crop. The larvae continue to attack the plants, being most abundant during May and gradually becoming less abundant throughout the month of June. As these transform, the adults become more and more abundant as the season advances, and not only do they feed upon the fresh growth, but they also eat the bark from the stems, and thus, where excessively abundant, totally destroy the second crop.

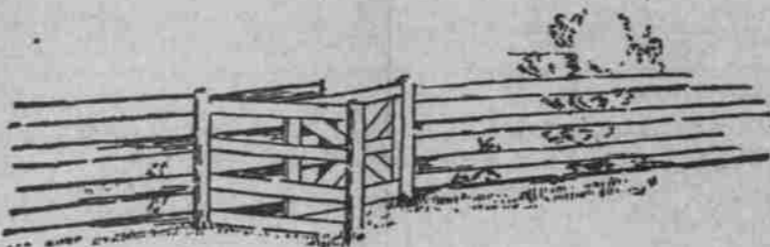
Wool-Growing States.

In wool production New Mexico stood first among the 12 southern states for 1910 with 3,783,300 sheep and a wool clip of 23,078,135 pounds; Texas came second with 1,467,576 sheep and 8,805,456 pounds of wool, and Kentucky held third place with 848,250 sheep and a wool clip of 3,817,125 pounds.

Average Size of Farms.

The average sized farm of the country contains a trifle more than a hundred acres. The smallest average acreage is found in the three-acre corn farm in Vermont, while the largest average is found in the 169-acre ranch in California.

GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR GATE



is always closed to animals, but The wing panels are 8 to 10 feet

THE "PIGS IN CLOVER" MAN

Sam Loyd, the Inventor of Numerous Puzzles and Chess Problems, Is Dead.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—When Samuel Loyd, the puzzle expert and inventor of chess problems, passed away at his home in Brooklyn, the world lost a man whose contributions to the public have probably entertained more people than those of any other man of the age. Young and old, rich and poor, alike, have wrestled with the fantastic creations of his fertile brain.

Born in Philadelphia in 1841 and educated in the schools of New York city, he early displayed the gifts which were to bring him fame and wealth. At the age of six he was proficient at chess and was untangling the hardest mathematical puzzles of



Samuel Loyd.

the day. When a young man he began his contributions to the newspapers and the invention of mechanical puzzles, some of which attained an almost universal vogue.

One of the first inventions to bring him fame was the "Fifteen Puzzle." Later came "The Tigers and the Men," "Pigs in Clover," "Parcheesi" and "The Disappearing Chinaman." Mr. Loyd's most profitable idea was "The Donkey" puzzle, of which 1,000,000,000 were sold.

Mr. Loyd took the view that there was something more in his puzzles than the simple amusement of the moment. He believed that he had in his devices come across something which would sharpen the wits of the average man. He pointed out that they could interest and amuse men who regarded ordinary mathematics with disgust, and that the boy who had at school shrunk from the very idea of an algebraic square root, would devote his spare moments to the solution of a puzzle which involved the same principles as the sum, just because he was interested. Consequently, he maintained that he supplied something which the average system of education had missed.

Apart from his puzzles Mr. Loyd was for a time the editor of the Sanitary Engineer, and a shrewd operator in Wall street. He also wrote for a number of magazines. He was a member of the New York Press club, the Brooklyn Chess club and the Brooklyn Whist club. He is survived by a widow, one son, Samuel Loyd, Jr., and two daughters.

THE FIRST WOMAN MAYOR

Mrs. Susanna Salter of Argonia, Kan., Holds This Distinction—Her Sugar Policy Worked.

Topeka, Kan.—The troubles of Mrs. Wilson, mayor of Hunnewell, Kan., recalls the fact that Mrs. Susanna Salter was the first woman mayor of the



world. She held office for one year at Argonia, Kan., a town located in the same county with Hunnewell. Mrs. Salter was elected mayor of Argonia in 1887 and served for one year.

She is an active suffragette and believes that women should hold office, but should not be on the police force or hold offices of a similar nature, no more than a man should cook the meals and keep house in their homes. Mrs. Salter believes that sugar catches more flies than vinegar, and says that while she was in office, by applying the sugar, she had little trouble.

"I just made those men of the council believe they were the nicest men in the world, and we got along admirably," she said. "When Mrs. Wilson was elected mayor of Hunnewell I wrote her a letter and advised her to adopt this policy, but she is having lots of trouble. I was very anxious for Mrs. Wilson to make a success just to demonstrate that women are capable of holding office."

MEXICO'S BIG MAN

Francisco I. Madero, Leader of the Late Revolution.

Small in Stature, But Large in Accomplishment and With Will and Personality That Dominates Others.

Mexico City, Mex.—Mexico's big little man today seems to be Francisco I. Madero, the leader of the revolutionists. A year ago his name was banded in jest in the official circles of Mexico City. The partisans of Diaz called him a dreamer, a prattler of nonsense, a player to the galleries, a misguided and harmless propagandist, who, comet-like, would flare, swish briefly, and die.

Recent events have stultified this comment, and his prophecy. The reforms for which Madero gave his time, raised his voice and lost most of his private fortune are in the making. Some of his dreams have been transmuted into Mexican organic law. The alchemy of public opinion is working a like process with others.

It was Madero's book on "The Presidential Succession of 1910" that first brought him within the range of public vision. In that work he praised Diaz for accomplishing much that was good in his long reign and pointed out the weaknesses of the administration as he saw them. He expressly declared that the "sage of Mexico" had outlived his usefulness and that a change was imperative for the welfare of the republic and the rights of the people.

In daring to publish this arraignment of Diaz and his policies, Madero showed his nerve. Others had thought as he and had said so privately, but none had had the audacity to express his conviction in cold type. Mexicans were astounded at this frank discussion of their national affairs and predicted that Madero would lose his head or his liberty. Having prepared the way with his book, Madero announced himself a candidate of the anti-re-election, or liberal, party for the presidency early last year. He was formally nominated by a convention of that party on April 15, 1910. Then he started upon a whirlwind campaign that made Americans resident in Mexico think of the stirring rallies in this country 25 years ago when fireworks, transparencies, torchlight processions and noisy demonstra-



Francisco I. Madero.

tions were the chief arguments. It is recent history how the presidential candidate was arrested for seditious utterances and thrown into the state penitentiary at Monterey; how he was eventually released on his own bond, and, goaded by persecutions, fled to the United States; how he was indicted in the district court of San Luis Potosi on charges of inciting to rebellion and of libeling the president; how he formulated his plans on this side of the border, re-entered Mexico and gave the insurrection an actual start on November 20.

Madero is one of thirteen children—nine sons and four daughters—of Francisco L. Madero, Sr. He is 39 years old. Three of his brothers, Gustavo, Raoul and Alfonso have been with him actively in his fight.

The Madero family is one of the wealthiest in Mexico, with Evaristo Madero, an octogenarian and an ex-governor, the head of the clan. He is the grandfather of the revolutionist. His grandfather before him emigrated to Mexico from Portugal. Evaristo Madero's sons and daughters, a goodly company, were all educated in the United States and Europe.

Simple in dress, democratic in manner and unostentatious in spite of their great wealth, members of the Madero family are popular with the poorer classes. Francisco is said to be just a plain citizen of the hills who eschews diamonds and formal dress except on state occasions, but he has the culture that enables him to hold his own in the graces of the social life.

The Madero family estates are among the largest in the republic. There is one big ranch in western Chihuahua called Bustillos, another at Parras, Coahuila, midway between Saltillo and Torreon, and still another in northern Coahuila and southern Chihuahua. Altogether the Madero land holdings embrace from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 acres.

Madero is married and has children. He is rather under average stature, with heavy but not coarse features, a determined chin, and sturdy physique. His courage is of the sort that reckons with discretion. He is a vigorous speaker and virile writer.